

The Many Pale Truths of Madara Uchiha and Naruto Uzumaki

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Summary: With the War over Naruto thought that the drama was over. The elders, and his friends, seem determined to prove him wrong. Age old Bill's coming into enactment threaten to destroy what vision he and Sasuke have for their future. And Naruto has the feeling that this isn't exactly what a normal teenager experiences. (MadaNaru and SasuNaru) Mpreg

1. Prologue

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><p>Prologue

He couldn't remember what age he had been when they met first. In all fairness he could barely remember what the other boy had looked like back then, and the scenery of the river of which they met each week was blurring around the edges as his years went on. He could only blame his old age for that, well perhaps that's not quite as true as it should be. He could blame adolescent exuberance and ambition as he got older as well. He had forced himself to maketh an enemy of the boy he had once called a friend.

Something which he sometimes regretted, but could never fully commit

the thought too. At the time he would have considered it a mercy to forget the strange boy he had met by the riverside.

Now however as his years wore on that thought was less of a mercy, and more of a burden, hatred consumes after all, and he had let himself fall into hatred's mouth with his idiotic ideals long ago.

Hashirama was his friend, and though their families fought, for no clear reason other than tradition, they had managed to find peace within each other's company for a short while. Neither of them had ever asked each other's family name, choosing instead to acknowledge each other by the simple fact that they were both shinobi. Which was fine for them, they could spar, and forge ridiculous competitions with each other without knowing who they themselves really were in relation to the war.

War was something he was familiar with, he'd fought as a child in a war that had already spanned decades before his time, the reason for the conflict however, never met his ears, and even still he couldn't remember ever being told why they had fought the Senju.

It had simply always been, and as a child he had accepted that, for what reason was there to question something he'd always known? When he got older, and his body matured, his mind did not follow, stuck in the cycle that was simply the way things were, he could not see the fault in war. No matter what catastrophe it brought with it.

It wasn't until he met Hashirama on the battlefield once more, did he understand that war wasn't something that should span decades at a time. Back then he was controlled by the clan, controlled by their need to beat the Senju, for no reason he could see, yet he complied, and he clashed with his childhood friend again and again for it.

It wasn't until his father died did things start to take a new form, both for him, and his clan. Under his leadership he wrought war reluctantly, with a stern face he never let his fellow clansmen know of his inner turmoil or longing for peace. He led with an iron fist as needed, and brought his family into death more times than he'd like to remember, just as his father had before him. War now felt like a sin upon his back.

When Hashirama became the leader of the Senju, he had known that things would change, they hadn't seen each other in years, but he knew his friend well, and he knew what he truly thought upon the war.

They clashed once on the battlefield, they drew each other away from the fight of their fellow clansmen, and fought as they spoke. He could remember that day well, it had been a remembrance of their days on the river side, where they would clash simply to clash, and spoke in hushed tones of the future. That day as they clashed they agreed that the future of which they spoke of as mere children was an ideal for their clansmen, and them. Peace was something that everyone needed after the years of fighting.

It was underneath the same cliff that they had promised each other would be a peaceful place did they agree to form the village. The Senju were far more accepting of the idea than his clan was, still he fought his clansmen for it arguing for the sake of the women and

children for once, and not for the men.

For their part, the women of the clan were relieved, and elated for the prospect of peace, most of the children didn't understand the meaning of the word. His men however fought the prospect, stating that they couldn't give in as a matter of pride.

He cared not for the arguments of men at the time.

His mother had been the first woman to confront him after the treaty was sealed with the Senju. She had worn a stern look, and her eyes had been far too cold then he was used to, it was as if she was staring upon the proud form of his father and not him. She had pulled directly up to him, her pale hands straightening his kimono pulling it close to his neck. Her own green kimono was a sight to see, and he had never seen her so radiant during the war. He doubted even his late-father had.

She had then lifted herself up and kissed his cheek gently, a feeling foreign to him, as her touches had never been frequent during the war times. Her only words to him were ones of a prideful mother, before she had turned the other way, greeting another Senju woman with good tidings, and well wishes.

The peace truly had been a wondrous time.

He and Hashirama had rekindled their old ways of friendship, and his clan slowly adapted to sharing land with the Senju as a peaceful village.

Then his clan had taken a stand against him. For reasons he was not sure of at the time, he had heard the protests of his dear wife, as they pulled her out of their shared house, and set her robes aflame. Her long hair was quick to catch fire with it, she had caught his eye and some sort of inner fire seemed to spark with the mere glance they shared.

Her screams stopped, her shoulders had straightened. Her head held high, much like his had in times of war. When the kunai had slashed her throat she hadn't made a sound but a brief gagging, then her eyes dimmed.

The whole thing had happened so horribly quickly that he hadn't had the chance to get to her in time, his body had stood frozen at the entrance to the Uchiha district.

Then he had ran, quite like a coward, he had jumped from building to building, and upon reaching his friends house he couldn't keep much of a straight face. The dimming eyes of his wife an image appearing behind his eyes.

After that day, the peace was strained, the Senju now afraid of the Uchiha's drastic measures of retribution, banned them into a small corner in fear. The hatred rekindled within the Uchiha clan like a fire that hadn't been properly doused.

What had once been a large district became a small compound on the edge of Konoha. He had been forced into the middle of the whole troublesome affair. As clan leader he was expected to fight for his people's right to land. But as a widower, he was committed to his

dead wife, who his own family had killed for no foreseeable reason. So he refused to fight the Senju on the matter.

If he looked closely upon his actions today, he would have reached the conclusion that his decision was in fact the right one. Of course his thoughts today were jumbled from the constant dark surrounding him in this prison. Perhaps he should have made a different decision that day, but he couldn't imagine doing so. He supposed that he had become a bit bitter towards his clan after the death -murder- of his wife. So maybe that's why his banishment didn't fill him with such anger then he portrayed it did.

Now as he sat heavy chains weighing his arms down, in a prison made by the Allied Nations, he had all the time to reflect. Wishing for the sun, he was stuck in an ageless body, the soul of his deceased man he once called a friend weighing heavily upon his consciousness. Sometimes he felt -or perhaps he was simply imagining it at this point- the weight of the soul not only on his mind, but it suffocating his own soul with it's presence.

So perhaps it was just his disillusioned mind conjuring up ridiculous desires, or maybe it truly was Hashirama's soul telling him to seek out redemption, either way, it was something he would never find.

He banged his head against the cold metal behind him, the pain giving him something to focus on. Other than his past that is.

The sound of his large cell door opening drew his attention better however, he was a shinobi after all, a seasoned one at that a little bit of pain was hardly something he could focus on for long without moving past it. His cell door opening however now that was quite rare. So it drew his attention far more than a dull throb in his head.

"You have mail." He would have raised his eyebrow, but the darkness of the room would have made the whole thing fruitless, so he simply listened to the monotone voice of the ANBU in front of him. "The Council of Elders from Konoha are asking for a peace treaty between you and Konohagakure." The laughter that bubbled out of his chest was unexpected even for him, and he scowled at himself as his composure was lost even to himself.

He was near sure the ANBU in front of him was inching away, he was a sensory type, and had he had access to his Chakra he would have known if the man was or not.

"Are you going to continue boy?" His voice was dry, and hoarse, due to the lack of water provided to him, but he was pleased to find that his deep baritone remained.

There was the brief sound of parchment being moved ever so slightly, and then his cell was basked in the warm glow of the torch beside the ANBU in front of him. The light did not shocks eyes due to their dexterity to change, he was an Uchiha after all. His eyes were quick to adapt as all Uchiha's eyes were, sharingan or not.

He stared at the mask of the Konoha ANBU across from him, a feline painted onto the white surface.

"It states that should you agree to their terms and conditions you

will be released from your prison here, and onto the streets of Konoha. The treaty will be signed by means of Blood-jutsu, under the gaze of the current Rokudaime and the Council." The ANBU stopped reading, and though he couldn't see the eyes of the man underneath, Madara was well aware of the fact that the man was staring at him, waiting for a response.

"Read the terms and conditions." Madara wasn't one to ask, and he certainly wouldn't be doing so for one of his prison guards who was far weaker than he. The fact that the Elders of Konoha had sent a treaty request for him, interested him, he hadn't been expected to be contacted for months upon months yet. Even then he expected it to be for something far more morbid than a simple treaty.

"Terms and conditions: No death of Konoha citizens or shinobi.

Ninety-percent of your chakra will be sealed upon reaching Konoha's, ten-percent will be left unsealed for the use of your Sharingan (explained on paragraph 10.)

You will not be able to take any missions of any rank, until a minimum twelve month period has passed, at which point the Rokudaime will determine if you will be able to be put back onto active shinobi duty." This, he had all been expecting as the terms. The more concerning issue, was why exactly they would allow him upon the streets of Konoha in the first place. He had threatened the entire world with his existence, yet they wanted him free? Certainly, there was an ulterior motive hidden here. Perhaps it would become evident once he reached Konoha and met with the elders.

There was no doubt in his mind that regardless of the conditions he would agree to them, without pause. So long trapped inside this dark prison, his own sense of time was waning, he knew he had been here for three years already. The war had been so long ago, yet to him it felt as if it had been mere weeks, yet decades away. Time is fleeting, as they say. He knew this better than most.

His sanity, was in actuality, probably better than it had been previously. Moments of war brought the worst out of him. It always had, even when he was a mere child, protecting his precious little brother.

"-As one of your conditions, we ask you to keep a reign on the Kyuubi vessel, after the events of the war, he cannot be trusted to keep the demon in line. We will elaborate further upon your arrival as to how: You are to do this, and what conditions will be put into place to allow such an arrangement." So that was his condition, why he was allowed his freedom. He didn't care for the reason, though he thought their concern, was a€| Unfounded, if it assured him his freedom he would play to their schemes.

"We are sure you are aware of a bill called the '_Procedural Konoha Protection Act' _as it was drafted in your time of youth by you and the Shodai, we are now enacting it. We are also enacting the '_Clan Restoration Insurance Act'_ a bill drafted after you had left the village by the Nidaime shortly before his passing. The meaning, we find, is rather clear." He wanted to laugh once more, by his own will this time. It was rather clear, they wanted to restore his clan, well he had no issues with that,

As they had mentioned both of those bills, it disconcerted him. Did they want his sperm? Or did they want him to wed?

The elders from Konoha nor any nation for that matter, had ever been forthcoming with their plots for their villages, and there was always some sort of plot developing.

Hashirama, had always been suspicious of their actions during their time as founders of the village. He himself, was no different.

2. Chapter 1: The Aftermath of War

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><p>It seemed to be that, as time went on, he gradually distanced himself, he hadn't really noticed it was happening at the start, but even when he had, he didn't feel compelled to put an end to it. The distance it seemed, was something he had been craving. It wasn't even something he had even been aware that he needed. Once he had it, however, it was amazingly pleasant. He hadn't thought he could miss the lonely times of his childhood, yet here he was.<p>

At first, it had been little things, fewer times eating out with his friends, once a month simply not showing up for BBQ or ramen, Nothing serious, and nothing that would make them think he was avoiding them, even he himself hadn't noticed he was doing so, at first. He had simply chalked it up to just wanting some privacy to reflect after the war. He certainly needed it after things he'd seen.

They weren't doing the same thing as he, however. Once they had realized he was somewhat avoiding him, they had taken it as a sign that he needed them more. Which was actually kind of fair, in times of struggle like the war people rallied together, and after the war, they stuck together for support.

That's what he had been told by Kakashi anyway, and judging by his friend's actions, and determination to spend time with each other and him, it was quite true.

He had grown up without a parent's love and lived most of his younger years friendless. So was that it? Was it only habitual that he would seek solitude for familiarity sake? Or was he running from them because now that everything had settled down, he didn't know how to speak with them anymore?

They all wanted to relax after such trying times, and he didn't. He wanted adventure, he wanted to have that adrenaline rush that came

with fighting an enemy. Those thoughts, they sometimes scared him. War shaped people, had it shaped him to be a weapon of war? Was he the enemy of his friends hopes now; because the peace was so suffocating to him?

Was he their unknown enemy now? He could really only hope that he wasn't, he didn't want to cause them harm, in any way.

The thought however, never seemed to go away completely.

It wasn't like it lingered in the back of his mind, but it was more a sensation of dread. The sensation wasn't a foreign one to him, he'd had it several times during his young life, though the fact that he'd felt it last just before he'd battled Obito was quite more disconcerting than the feeling alone.

The thrill that came with the feeling of dread, he tried not to feel.

On the opposing side of his strange longing to fight, was the irritation that he had soon found to be the blatant normality of the average teenager. The drama that came with in particular, there were condreys and tiffs on such stupid things that Naruto had begun to wonder if he had truly gone to war with these people. For the things they argued over, spat at each other for, seemed to have the importance to them as surviving a deadly blow to the chest.

When in reality they were as important as loose thread on an old shirt; a tiny issue, that was to be expected over time.

Sometimes, he consented with them, that perhaps the issues weren't all so small, like a cheating partner, or even if one of them being struck ill -this hadn't happened as of yet, but he did worry with the clothing they sometimes wore.- It was an issue that he rarely ever thought about clearly, he didn't want to think sourly of his own friends.

Still as time lingered on he began to feel as if he were a reclusive old man with a wooden cane, rather than a seventeen year old with a prosthetic arm.

His arm was a burden now, not because he didn't understand how to operate around it, more because the skin where the glaze stuck the prosthetic to what remained of his original arm wasn't in as good a shape as when it had been attached. The skin there was rising up in large red blisters, and on occasion oozed a translucent puss, which seeped in under the white bandage and the glaze, and onto his fake arm, it pooled into the indents, and it disgusted him.

Many of his male friends thought the arm symbolic, much as he had at the very beginning of the peace they now had. It had represented his war effort, and him a war hero, Kiba had remarked that it suited him well.

Most of the girls thought it made him far more attractive, a point proven ever so slightly by the fanclub he now had. Although he tried to think on that as little as possible.

Naruto didn't agree with either of those points, the arm was more a pleasing than a curse; true.

However it was in actually, rather painful, and Kurama's chakra couldn't go through the material, least he melt it. Only his own chakra was able to move through the veins of the sculpted arm, and it created a great feeling of disproportion.

Even as he did his everyday routine. Sasuke had to take to going rather easier on him because of it, something he found humiliating, yet grateful over the fact that both he and Sasuke were in the same situation. For once. Sasuke of course did have his Sharingan however, as such, he was far quicker to adapt then he.

The thought of Sasuke gave him a strange sense of unease at this point, although his reasoning as to why remained unclear to his own mind. As far as he could tell the other teenager hadn't changed, at least not by much, the glaze in his eyes from when they were younger had dimmed much, his hatred had been expelled now, and yetâ€¦. Naruto found himself worried for the other, he'd lost so much, while Naruto had gained fruitfully. For as long as he could think back, they had been jealous of each others spoils, and now, while their roles had reversed, the emotional outcome was much the same.

He hadn't succumbed to darkness in Sasuke's position, when he had been a child, even still, as he tried to think optimistically on the matter -as he did to any situation-, he knew that his friend was far more susceptible to grief then he. He'd given into the temptation more than once after all, and though unintentional Naruto would find himself praying for his friends safety of mind.

Saddening as it was to think, many of his friends had lost much to the war. Somedays there was a pulling at his breast a feeling much like guilt, but it was simply the cold reality that faced him day-to-day now. Understanding that there was nothing he could have done.

It was his penalty of war he supposed.

Selfish a thought as it was, he couldn't help but feel as if he had lost the most. Was it selfish or not, he didn't know himself, he felt he had the right to be after everything he'd experienced.

His own justification was rather screwed at this point to be frank.

After so long trapped in the desire to stay isolated, he wasn't quite sure if he was right in the head anymore.

Perhaps he was depressed?

Thinking on it, there was a high likelihood that this was right synopsis to his own mental situation, he hardly felt himself anymore, and there was a constant burning in his chest, and a lump deep in his throat that didn't seem to move even with food and water.

"Oi! Naruto! Get up! You lazy ass!" There was a loud banging on his front door, and the gruff barking voice could belong to no other then Kiba.

He felt no desire to open the door however, but judging by the conclusion he'd just reached about himself it would be stupid of him

to ignore his friends hollers.

The energy it took to simply get out of his own bed and place his feet on the ground, was astronomical, or at least his mind was making him think it was.

He'd never been a huge fan of being unsure.

The cold metal of the doors lock shocked him, helping to wipe the exhaustion from his system, at least slightly, the muscles around his shoulder blades however, felt knotted to all hell, and he didn't particularly want to move them in anyway at this point. He settled himself, and opened the door, even as his mind rebelled against it.

"Oi! Naruto! What do you think you're doing anyway! Sakura hasn't seen heads or tails of you and neither has anyone else! What are you doing in here anyway?" Akamaru barked as if to ask himself. Naruto wanted to yell in irritation at the boy in front of him suddenly, yet held fast to his control.

"Heehee! Brooding actually!" The moment of apprehension on his friend's face was interesting to him, yet his lie on his face was transparent. He'd have to adjust to laying, a unpleasant thought, but it was only for a short while so he found that it couldn't be all too bad. Only for a short while.

3. Chapter 2: The Conflict of a Child

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><p>You only had to gaze for but a few moments to see clearly the tense atmosphere surrounding the entire village. Many of the residents were at a loss on how to respond to the circumstances. The Kyuubi festival had always been a double edged sword emotionally for nearly all of them. By representing both the joyous occasion of defeating the Kyuubi seventeen years ago, and the mourning of losing their loved ones.<p>

Now, however, it was an honoring to the Kyuubi vessel of sorts, and more than half of the village were troubled by that. Systematically it was unwittingly disrespectful to those lost seventeen years ago by honoring the Kyuubi-boy. Many had issue with this, they were however in a befuddlement, as for just what the boy had done for the village in the past two years, now they had respect for him, still they grieved for their loved ones, and the boy represented their deaths, as well as the many lives he'd saved during the war, many of the villagers didn't feel it equated.

He understood this himself, even as he wandered the village as a war hero, they're gazes never seemed to leave him, it was his first time to a Kyuubi festival where they weren't trying to kill him for being disrespectful, though Naruto knew on this day many conflicted on whether

they should try to harm him out of respect for those lost ever so long ago.

As a child he could never understand their hate, as a seventeen-year-old veteran he has clarity, and now can understand their directed hate and anger, he'd been the same when Jiraiya died, and now having watched some of his friends and people he's known throughout his life die before him by a madman, he himself could find that deep-seated resentment sitting at the bottom of his gut, some of it, even for himself.

Although admittedly, most of it was for Obito, even as his precious teacher turmoiled over his lost friend, now as the war was over.

He found that his hatred was cumulative Growing exponentially as time wore away. Even as his teacher suffered from the knowledge that he had failed his friend many times over, he hated the man.

He was sure that Kakashi was depressed, just as he was, even still, as that knowledge sat at the back of his mind along with the revelation of his own depression but a few weeks prior to this moment:

He made no action to speak to the man. Was it his own cowardice? Perhaps. Most days it was all he could think on, in times like these shouldn't he speak to someone like himself? Or at the very least speak to Kakashi because of the man's own experience in wars previous?

"Naruto!" He hadn't been so glad for his attention to be pulled away for awhile now, but the sight of Sakura, Sasuke, and the man he'd just been thinking of drew his attention and brought a smile to his face.

At the very least, he could attempt to enjoy this festival with some of his oldest friends.

"Hey Sakura-chan, Sasuke. Kakashi-sensei!" The wind blew harshly from behind him, his hair drawing in front of his eyes, he cursed at his own misluck at not bringing something to brush his hair back, and the cheap kimono he wore, as the bright orange and black garment scraped at his bare chest with rough fabrics.

"Stupid hair!" Kakashi rose his eyebrow at his mumble, and he smiled brightly at the man, at least he was at the festival. Perhaps it would do a bit of good for the both of them.

"Hey Naruto, how do I look?" His eyes found Sakura's, and he glanced up and down, the kimono she wore was a light pink with green tinges, and her hair was tied back, the look suited her. Though he she looked the same, well pretty much as she did most days, her hair was worn up quite frequently now due to her work at the hospital. Although he didn't think the red blush on her cheeks suited her very well at

all.

"You look great Sakura-chan!" His hands found the back of his head as they always have, and he smiled brightly, she really did. Sasuke and Kakashi looked great too, and he felt greatly out of place in such a cheap orange kimono next to their silk dark blue and dark green elegant kimono. He could feel his cheeks tinge in shame at just how poor he must look in the thing, even if it was fruitless to care about it as he couldn't afford a better one, but still it was slightly embarrassing.

Sakura at least didn't look affronted.

Sasuke, on the other hand, was glaring at his indented, rumpled kimono as if it had done him some grievous wrong. Kakashi had glanced at it in a curious manner, but didn't speak up; either he wasn't particularly interested, or he simply had a good hold on his tongue in such times.

Sasuke however, didn't seem to have any such filter.

"Idiot, could you not afford a better kimono with your VA benefits(1)? You would have gotten a rather large deposit this year." Naruto felt his throat close up quickly, as Sasuke's glare focused upon his kimono, the other teen was probably unaware that his words were actually insulting. It was factual after all.

Sasuke didn't speak again, his eyes having left the kimono.

"So you guys enjoying the festival?" He questioned brightly, all of their feet moving in synchronicity, all of them wore grins of some form Naruto noted, it was a peaceful time now, and the tension in even Kakashi's ever rigid shoulders was less than it had ever been. A comfort to the blond who had worried grievously for his sensei's mental health in the past few weeks. Everyone in the village was more relaxed, conflicted at the present time, yes, but they weren't as nervous as they had been in recent years and it showed greatly at this festival.

Naruto was one for such relaxation, even as his subconscious screamed for battle under closed eyelids. Verily, he ignored such protests and focused his mind on this joyous time.

He could think of the overwhelming feeling of absence that had invaded his mind prior to meeting his teammates, at a later time.

It couldn't have been anything too serious, he had most likely, been grieving for Ero-sannin subconsciously. They had visited a festival just two years ago together, and the man wasn't here anymore, so it had to be that.

He knew his own mind after all.

* * *

><p>He could remember, a bit vaguely, his first time to the Hokage monument. It had never stood out to him in any way, in fact, most days he couldn't remember why he remembered it at all. Some days he did, although those days were further and further apart as he grew older. Nothing of special occurrence had happened, it was rather the

day after that thing came into a particular order that formed both circumstance and intrigue.

****He had been four, that was the only thing he didn't fail to remember. The reason for why he had been there, and what had driven him to run there of all places, never failed to elude him.****

****He hadn't liked the place not at all, and for once it had nothing to do with his fear of ghosts, rather that he didn't like the idea of the Hokage at the time. For what reason he wasn't sure anymore, but he knew it had something to do with his child brain conjuring up some sort of ridiculous ideal.****

****He could clearly remember sitting on the stone head of the Shodai Hokage, for some reason he was still quite unsure of. He hadn't been well off back then, only his green shirt and mud covered shorts to his name, he had lived in an orphanage of many.****

****So it was more than likely he had been running away from them and not some villagers anger at the time. Memories of the cold orphanage had been discarded by his own mind as soon as he had been kicked out of the horrid place. So it wasn't too big a surprise to him that he didn't remember.****

****He did know, and he knew, that it had been twilight then, and the stone head of the Hokage had not been cold at all, instead it had been warm. Many would have called him out of his right mind were he to tell anyone back then, not that any would have listened, even Hiruzen had given him quite the frost covered shoulder until he had been kicked out of the orphanage. He knew that the stone had been warmed, and not by some other source, he didn't know how he knew that particular detail, even now, yet he knew it, he was sure.****

****The next day had been a cold one, and he had ventured out of the orphanage in a borrowed scarf from one of the children who had been adopted two days ago slung around his neck and shoulders. He entered the dense forest outside the village walls. The orphanage had this strange way of blocking heat, even as the heater was on max, and he didn't need the discomfort that brought. The outside was warmer anyway, at the very least in presence.****

****He'd watched the snow fall, and walked backwards as to see his footprints indenting the snow, he'd even laid himself down and made a snow angel. His hands had been freezing by the time he'd done it, though.****

****After that, he'd heard the distinctive noise of a snap, and his attention had been focused on his right immediately.****

****He could remember the fear that had over taken him, as he had sat up, and stared wide-eyed at the underbrush of the forest waiting for something or someone to appear. Even the chilling feeling of snow getting into his shirt hadn't made him move his eyes.****

****The sight of another child his age had shocked him.****

****Not only was the child his age, or rather just an extra bit older than himself, he'd been angry at him.****

****Very angry, Naruto hadn't known why, he'd never seen the other**

blond in his life, he wasn't from the orphanage, and his hazel eyes hadn't been familiar at all. Yet they were sparked with some sort of ice cold hatred and his pupils had been far larger than they need have been due to the brightness of the sun, and the reflective quality the snow brought with it as it landed.**

The boy had screamed at him: "YOU!" Then Naruto could remember being tackled to the ground, the other boy had his thin arms pushing up against his neck.

As this expression of unease and great anger crossed his face, and made his pale arms tremble on the sun blond's neck. Still he hadn't moved, he hadn't understood what was going on after all.

The boy had in a fit of his own rage lifted one of his arms from Naruto's neck, and pushed harshly against the smaller boy's forehead, pushing the back of his head further into the thin layer of snow, and made the painful pressure of a jutting tree root dig into his skull.

Then the boy had begun to push down.

The arm laid against his neck began to push into his neck and his jugular, the hand on his forehead pushing his skull deeper into the tree root.

He had moved his arms in order to dislodge the boy. Yet the other boy saw, the hand having previously been forcing his head into the ground then grabbed him painfully by the hair.

He remembered screaming out ever so slightly as the hand lifted his head forcefully by his hair, and smashed it into the tree root, a dull throb blossoming at the back of his skull. The arm pressing against his throat tightened further, the hand in his hair gripping tighter. The boy had been at least six, probably attending the academy, and had much greater deal strength than a child like Naruto who barely got a meal each day.

The sensation started to make him choke, little gagging and coughing sounds, as well as saliva, began to escape his mouth. As a result, the boy began to press harder. Once more he had brought his hands up, grabbing onto the arm covering his neck, but the other boy smashed his head into the tree root again, and a bout of dizziness made his tiny arms go slack for a moment.

Only until his whole body spasmed with more gagging and coughing, the muscles in his arms flinched violently and he tried to slap the other on the face to try and make him stop.

The other took action and bashed in his forehead in with his elbow, seemingly, with all his strength. The pressure on his throat never ceasing.

The boy was trying to kill him, and Naruto hadn't known what to do about it.

**He had lost control of his bowels, but the building static almost completely washed out the feeling. He started to squirm under the boy's weight, his body had latched onto its last attempt to break free, most of his energy being used to try and breath. He kicked out,

but the boy had been sitting on Naruto's stomach, so it had been to no effect. His arms had started to lose sensation by that time, as well as his feet.**

He'd gagged, and saliva had sputtered out pathetically over the other boy's pale arm, but it didn't seem to affect him.

"Onii-san told me that you killed our parents! It's your fault! I hate you! I HATE YOU!" He had seen the tears on the boy's face, and his only reaction at the time had been a confused choked grunt, that not even he had known the meaning of.

Suddenly the boy had been pulled away, and he'd seen himself fit to start breathing again, great gulps of air quickly coupled with coughing. He turned on his hands and knees. His throat had felt crushed, and he had no control over his drool as he coughed and sputtered for air. Not caring who his savior had been. -He had eventually found out when he was fourteen that it had actually been Jiraiya who had saved him, something he'd thanked the man profusely for. Yet the old man had been strangely quiet as he did so.-

Even still as he finally got up from his spot on the snow, he stumbled out of the forest as quickly as he could and into the village. He'd entered with this sort of strange swaying step, and his feet brought him automatically not to the orphanage, but to the Hokage monument.

Where once again, he sat upon the Shodai Hokage's head and basked in the warmth the rock lent him.

* * *

><p>Now as he remembered the incident for the first time in a long time, he felt his curiosity spike at the thought of just why Hashirama's head had been warm, yet his fathers and the old man's were not.<p>

Not only did it not make any sense, wasn't it physically impossible? The sun hadn't shone on the rock, and as far as he knew the rock wasn't different to the one that the other three's heads were carved out of. It was the same cliff after all unless that particular spot of the cliff had a different element in it or something.

Maybe Tsunade would know? Then again if he asked and she didn't she might think him crazy or something of the like.

Eh, he would simply have to solve this one on his own then. The thought brought a slight thrill to his spine, and a large grin on his lips. It sounded like fun, a small a thing as it was.

* * *

><p>(1) VA: Veterans Benefits

**Thank you to everyone who reviewed on the last chapter, your input is appreciated. **

End
file.